

NOT A GOOD LICENSE

Diplomas Should Be Signed by
Poole and McAllister.

THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE

Howard Fielding Selects a Physician
for Maude on the Strength of
His Professional Reputation.

I knew by the way Maude looked at the doctor that she was in doubt whether she would rather be cured by him or given up by a more respectable person. I had thoroughly selected him with reference to his standing in the profession. He was a very thin, tall, high-shouldered man, dressed in a manner which might have been satisfactory to himself and Anthony Comstock, but not, I think, to any lover of the beautiful.

Maude, on the other hand, was a poem. Reclining to a great easy chair, she was dressed in something of which I do not know the name, but we will call it an informal, extravaganza for want of the exact millinery term. She herself called it an old thing which was absolutely all she had that would do. As to what she expected it to do, I have only a dim notion. If she expected it to make an impression on Dr.



MAUDE WAS A POEM.

Edolph Brinckerhoff, she did not know him.

Dr. Brinckerhoff has an expression of countenance which is the result of near-sightedness combined with a habit of rubbing his nose hastily over the pages of medical works written by other eminent authorities all of whom he scorns and despises. He turned this mask of inexpressible disapproval toward Maude, and said: "Well, what seems to be the matter with you?"

"My throat is very bad," said Maude. "I've had diphtheria three times."

"Humph," granted the doctor, "I guess you mean tonsillitis."

There was where he waked Maude up. On that question she would have delayed Arrael himself to listen. She told Dr. Brinckerhoff, with a woman's natural pride, that her diphtheria, on each and every occasion, had been the worst that had ever been known. She had started three epidemics of diphtheria, and persons who had failed to take it after her had seriously jeopardized their social positions.

"Well," said the doctor, "let's have a look at your throat. Light up a couple more of those gajets."

"Now stand up," said the doctor to Maude. I pitied her. She had not expected to stand up. She had prepared a lovely, light blue thing on the back of the chair, to put her head on during the examination. With her mouth open just a little the baby blue would be very becoming.

But that was not the way Dr. Brinckerhoff laid out the scene. When he got Maude on her feet, he put his long and bony hand on her hair, and she hasn't been able to make it lie right since. Then he pried Maude's mouth open till I thought he intended to get into it.

"Nothing but an inflamed tonsil," said he. "Looks pretty big. Swelling may not go down. If it doesn't, come round to my office and I'll back it out."

He wrote a prescription and took up his hat. Maude was weeping at the thought of the terrible surgical operation. The doctor's heart was touched.

"It won't hurt you very much," said he, "and it won't hurt me at all. So don't cry. Good night."

I followed him out, and got the prescription filled. When I returned



THEN HE PRIED MAUDE'S MOUTH OPEN.

Maude was not looking ill, but very dangerous.

"Howard," said she, "What do you mean by bringing that animal into our parlor?"

"My dear," I ventured mildly, "he is one of the most distinguished—"

"Nonsense. He doesn't know one single thing. He didn't even feel my pulse."

And she displayed a hand and wrist of which she is justly proud.

"Perhaps it was not necessary," I suggested.

"Philistine! He didn't touch. He didn't pay the slightest attention to my case. He didn't even look at my tongue. He just stuck his hand into my hair and treated my head around like the top of a revolving piano stool."

"Well, what did you expect him to do?"

"He ought to have asked me questions," said Maude. "If the creature has no human interest in anybody, why does he pretend to be a doctor? I wouldn't pay him one cent."

"But he seemed to understand your case pretty well," said I, soothingly.

"Understand my case? A man who hasn't touched me yet that diphtheria gentleman would suffer. How can he understand anything? He never looked at me."

Therein lay Dr. Brinckerhoff's offense, and I did not think it was safe

to attempt to excuse him. In order to effect a diversion I removed the wrapper from the bottle of medicine.

"What horrid looking stuff," cried Maude. "Ugh! It's green! It looks like the reservoir in Central park. I won't touch it. Don't bring it near me while I have this dress on. The colors would simply kill each other. You ought to see the medicine that Dr. Morry Jones prescribes for Mrs. Williams. Why didn't I tell you to call him? That shows how sick I was. He brings her the loveliest things in little bits of bottles. I have seen seven of them standing on her table, and the colors blended in a way that was simply perfect. And he seems to know by instinct exactly what she's going to wear when he brings a new medicine. It always matches her dress."

She or her dress or whatever it is that's sick getting well very fast?" I asked.

"Mercy, no," Maude exclaimed. "She's been an invalid for seven years; and he's been just as nice as he could be all that time. He tries real hard to find out what's the matter with her. The other day I was there when he called, and he pounded her on the back for over half an hour. He did it so gently that it didn't hurt her a bit. Then he listened to find out whether the pounding had knocked anything over. He didn't seem to be sure whether it had or not, so he pounded some more. You know that's what the doctor did when he was trying to find out whether the insurance company could make anything out of you. It's the way all doctors ought to do. But this Dr. Brinckerhoff thinks he can find all about a person's vital organs by looking down his throat. He ought to know that he can't really see anything."

"He could see the tonsils, and that's where the trouble is."

"Howard," said Maude, tragically, "how do you know? I may have heart trouble. Almost everybody has nowadays, and you don't seem to care a bit. Besides he was quite rough with me and you never said a word. He opened my mouth a foot wide."

Unhappily, at this point I laughed.

"You just let me show you what he did," she cried. "I'm sure he used the instrument with which he holds down horses' tongues when their back teeth have to be filled. Just wait and I'll show you."

I remonstrated; but she was gone. In a second she returned with a large silver soup ladle.

"Now you stand up there by the light," she said. I had no choice but



"HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?"

to obey. She stood up in a chair beside me and wreathed her hand in my luxuriant locks. She twisted my head around till I could see the two buttons on the back of my coat. Then she inserted the soup ladle into my mouth, and gave a truly realistic imitation of Dr. Brinckerhoff's methods, as they may appear, if, according to Maude's idea, they are practised principally upon horses and hippopotami.

"How do you like that?" she exclaimed. "If your head doesn't feel good tomorrow, come around to my office, and I will cut it off."

Then she laughed hysterically. I began to fear that Dr. Brinckerhoff's visit might not be wholly productive of good in our family. It seemed improbable that Maude would take his medicine and little real benefit could result simply from his bill. But by a clever ruse I induced her to take the medicine in spite of its color. I showed her how wicked it would be to waste the eighty-five cents I had paid for it. She ought to take it now in order to save the money, even though it might be unlovely and ineffectual. I pointed out to her that by taking it in the dark the defect of color could be reduced to a minimum; and I added that if she took it and because much worse it would be a signal triumph over Dr. Brinckerhoff.

My arguments prevailed; and the next day she was quite well. I never knew an inflamed throat to be relieved with such magical celerity. And I never saw Maude so utterly disgraced. She tried very hard to convince herself and me that the medicine hadn't done her one bit of good, but in her own heart she knew that it had cured her, and she raged accordingly.

But her estimate of Dr. Brinckerhoff's professional value has been affected. Yes, she regards him with an even deeper distrust and aversion. When she is ill again she will insist on calling Dr. Morry Jones, and he will be very polite to her, three times a week, for the next seven years.

As for me, it may be obtained by Providence that I shall go out and select dress goods for my wife, or even that I shall try to match something the color of which was never duplicated in earth or sky; but I will never select a doctor for her again, even if he has diplomas from Poole and McAllister.

HOWARD FIELDING.

WELCOME INFORMATION.

Trump—Pleaze, mum, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world.

Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Third—N. Y. Weekly.

The advertising of Hood's Nerve-Pain-Expeller by advertisements which in the financial world would be accepted in a moment. They tell the story—Hood's Cures.

NO USE denying there is no Remedy the equal of

St. JACOBS OIL.

for the Prompt and Permanent Cure of

Pains and Aches

There is no Remedy the equal of

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N. & M. FRIEDMAN

70-72 MONROE STREET.

Tomorrow We Bring Out in Force Our May Bargain Display. It Will Be Our Best Spring Season Merchandise Movement.

CLOAKS

We have received by express yesterday, 100 Ladies' Jackets, with Butterfly and Columbian Capes, full sleeve in stylish shades and materials. These will be placed on sale Monday morning at the very low price.....

\$4.95

Special offerings in Capes, Suits, Wrappers and Teagowns.

* LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS *

We will offer as a starter to the season's trade in this line, Ladies' Percale Shirt Waists at

39c, 49c, 50c, 59c, 69c, 79c and 98c

Ladies' White Lawn and India Muslin Waists at

50c, 75c, 98c and \$5.00

We will show an extensive assortment of Novelty Silk Waists, decidedly handsome in styles and effects, at well-known prices.

DRESS GOODS

Our magnificent stock of Dress Goods warrants us in saying it is exclusive, refined and comprehensive; but it don't describe it. We ask for a personal inspection.

100 pieces of Dress Goods, in plain color effects, have just been opened in the past few days. We will place these on sale, including fifty different styles of wool checks, mixtures and stripes, at.....

49c Yd

KID GLOVES

While we keep all grades of Gloves, we keep nothing that does not give the buyer good and honest value for every penny of purchase money.

Try the celebrated "Trefouse," the best Kid Glove made—a good quality—but does not call for extra price. Try us when you want a neat and inexpensive pair of Kid Gloves.

Included Among Our Bargains For This Week We Will Offer

Ladies' Ribbed Vests at....10c, 12½c, 15c, 19c and 25c each

Ladies' Fast Black Hose, seamless, at....15c, 20c, 25c a pair

100 dozen Sateen Corsets at.....47c each

5,000 yards Wash Muslin at.....2½c a yard

Best Standard Prints at.....4c a yard

36-inch Brown Sheeting at.....5c a yard

3,000 yards Wash Foulards at.....8½c a yard

Dress Gingham, new styles, at 8c, 10c, 12½c yd

Perfumes, best odors, at.....25c an oz

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap at.....8c a cake

Kirk's Shandon Bells Soap at.....12½c a cake

Kirk's Juvenile Soap at.....12½c a cake

Oakley's Lettuce Soap at.....12½c a cake

Colgate's Turkish Bath Soap at.....44c a doz

AT THESE PRICES IT AFFORDS A MOST EXCELLENT CHANCE TO LAY IN A SEASON'S SUPPLY.

N. & M. FRIEDMAN

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